

Poetry Series

**william Konrad**  
**- poems -**

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## william Konrad(Dec 01/1926)

84 year old Canadian, Married 62 years,2 children,4 grandchildren,1 great grandchild: ....likes sports, music, poetry, casinos, politics (conservative) , television, traveling and a curiosity for most things.

# A Grain Of Sand

We're just a grain of sand  
Along an endless shore  
We live a life and die  
Like those who came before

william Konrad

# Are We Alone

Are we alone and destined to be  
The only souls in the galaxy  
What cruel joke has so decreed  
Our destiny to breed and breed

What purpose are we to fulfill  
To bend to the puppet masters will  
From birth to death we shall comply  
And when we're done we simply die

william Konrad

# Bird

You've often heard  
In early spring  
The bird is on the wing  
But that's absurd  
Haven't you heard  
The wing is on the bird

william Konrad

# Born Equal?

What do I owe my fellow man  
Of equal skill and mind  
Friendly support an upward hand  
A word that's soft and kind

And he owes me nothing more  
Than a kind hello a welcome door  
And when I'm down all that I ask  
A sip of kindness from his flask

But what of man of lesser mind  
To him I cannot be unkind  
They say all are created equal  
A lie to which I find no sequel

A man of crooked spine and gate  
Would find it hard equality to state  
We all are different, that's a fact  
Some less careful some more exact

Some are born with greater skills  
And some with unimaginable ills  
Some are smart and quick of mind  
Some born slow and life unkind

So when you hear that trite old saw  
All are created without flaw  
Someone is trying to rationalise  
Human inequality with outright lies

Equality is just a word  
That's sometimes used to be absurd  
If all were created to be the same  
There'd be no greats only mundane

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# Children

Children are laughter uncontrolled.  
A joy to love, to kiss and hold  
A boundless shape of energy  
A treasure so short a time to be

A twig, a stick, a magic wand  
A stone thrown in a stagnant pond  
A dandelion plucked from the ground  
Curiosity of new things found

A nose wiped on a fresh new sleeve  
Fairy tales of Christmas eve  
Wide eyes eager to believe  
In Santa Clause and Christmas trees

Happiness found in wondrous things  
No thought of what tomorrow brings  
Play hard my child while you still may  
Don't hurry to meet that grownup day

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## Contentment Two

To wake up in the morning  
to a brand new day  
To look around and see  
that every things OK  
And know you wouldn't  
have it any other way  
That's contentment.

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# Different Eyes

A different place with different eyes  
With greener grass and bluer skies.  
The eyes that looked on yesterday  
Saw so much less in every way

But now the world is clear and bright  
It took too long to view this sight  
Now that I see through different eyes  
Each day brings a new surprise.

Why must it take so long to see,  
The beauty in a simple tree.  
The many wonders that surround,  
The gifts of nature that abound.

The sight of children hard at play,  
Their carefree laughter fills the day  
And Each day brings a new surprise,  
I see the world through different eyes.

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# Earth

This Pale blue orb that we call earth  
Spinning since it's ancient birth  
Hangs Silently in time and space  
Suspended in an endless chase

What purpose in the scheme of things  
Can this blue orb's meanderings  
Contribute much of any consequence  
To a galaxy so endless and immense

Astronomers, since early times  
have searched the skies to try to find  
How all the stars originate  
And what might be our final fate

We've learned to peer into darkest space  
But haven't found a single place  
That tells us for a certainty  
That we are not alone to be

Forever spinning round and round  
Never finding nor to be found  
By others in this galaxy  
Are we alone, could this be

With all the stars just like our own  
That not one star has ever known  
A sphere as perfect as our earth  
Sustaining life and giving birth

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# Eternity

I traveled to the edge of space  
To find eternity  
What I found was an empty place  
That just went on forever

I tried so hard to comprehend  
Was there a beginning is there an end  
Does everything just go on and on  
In endlessness of time and space

The more I tried to comprehend  
The more I saw there was no end  
But how I ask could this be  
Is this what's called eternity

Imagine if you can and will  
A cup impossible to fill  
Although you're pouring, Oh so slow  
The cup will never overflow

You ask yourself, How can this be  
You cannot understand you see,  
If you think at all like me  
Welcome to eternity

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## Eternity 2

On the edge of time and space  
I searched to see a godly face  
Only silence echoed back to me  
In that empty silence I began to see  
That empty silence is eternity

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# Existence

I've often wondered why we're here  
And as I aged it all came clear  
The why of my existence is a simple theme

To hold your hand and walk with you  
On starlit nights and morning dew  
To see your smile and look into your eyes

To laugh and love when times grow dark  
To wander through a sunlit park

This above all I want to do.

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# I Am A Mystery

I have No beginning I have no end  
Some say I'm straight some say I bend  
I am your enemy, I am your friend.  
I am a mystery.

A sunny day may bring the light  
And darkness may fill the night  
And I will still be out of sight  
I am a mystery.

All days are just the same to me  
And that's how it will will always be  
You may strain and peer and never see  
I am a mystery.

Wars were fought and won and lost  
The prize was still a terrible cost  
I watched summers heat and winters frost  
I am a mystery.

Men are born and live and die  
Some spend a lifetime wondering why  
They can't define me, yet they try  
I am a mystery.

Would it not be humorous to see  
That there is nothing more to me  
Than I will simply always be  
A mystery.

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# I Wish

I wish:

I wish I was more sensitive to children.

I wish I understood them better.

I wish I could have enjoyed their innocents.

I wish I could have understood their wonder.

I wish I knew how they grew and learned.

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# Life

We struggle from the dark to reach the light.

We were warm and safe and now we feel the cold.

What place is this, filled with meaningless sounds

What wonders will I see before I earn the dark.

A raging river or a quiet stream

To sleep the peaceful sleep and dream

Or will it end just as it started,

To the darkened stillness of forever.

We live in hope that there is more to come.

But I assure you, friend, that when it's done, it's done.

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# Life 2

Life 2

I was not

I was

I am not

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# Nothing Stays The Same

Nothing, nothing, ever stays the same.  
Although we've parted, you are not to blame.  
We had a love that was to be forever.  
We promised that we'd never ever part.  
But promises are all too soon just broken.  
And, ' I love you', is all too easily spoken.

Nothing ever stays the same

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# One Short Day

What is life when all the veils are pulled away  
Two eternal nights on either side of one short day  
And in that single span of time we live and play  
What is life but one short day  
We probe the darkness knowing all too well  
There is no heaven nor is there a hell  
We send our spirits deep in outer space  
But never have we seen another face  
We trust too much in those who say  
There is eternal light beyond the day

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# Snowflake

Snowflake

I watched a lonely snow flake  
As it floated to the ground  
It shivered on its journey  
But never made a sound  
It lay there till the springtime  
But was never ever found.

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# Songs To Sing

Songs to sing

Life has many songs to sing  
Winter summer fall and spring  
Each season has a different song  
Songs of right, songs of wrong

Songs of carefree happiness  
Songs of love and loneliness  
Of contentment just to be  
Alone we two, you and me

And as the years drift slowly by  
The songs become a quiet sigh  
The songs of love and joy and spring  
Are yesterdays forgotten thing

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# The Poet

Poets write of death and love  
Of hell below and heaven above  
Nothing escapes the poets pen  
Not robin, sparrow, hawk nor wren.

His subject for a poem might be  
Of birth, growing up, or puberty  
His arsenal of things to write  
An endless source of sheer delight

What moves one to word and pen?  
A longing for what might have been?  
A clearer look at days gone by?  
Rethinking life and wondering why?

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# The Race

There were many entrants in the race  
You managed to finish in first place  
You couldn't think, you could only swim  
What mysterious hand helped you to win

Consider how unique you are  
Better than the rest by far  
In a race of millions you were first  
Upon the stage of life to burst

To realize the miracle of your gift  
And not allow that miracle to drift  
You simply need to follow a direction  
To persue it with passion and dedication

To make the prize of winning seem worthwhile  
Fill your life with love, grace and style  
Never bend to the beat of anothers' drum  
Know you've done your best when life is done

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# What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life

Lyrics by: Alan Bergman

Lyrics by: Marilyn Bergman

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I want to see your face in every kind of light  
In fields of dawn and forests of the night  
And when you stand before the candles on a cake  
Oh, let me be the one to hear the silent wish you make

What are you doing the rest of your life?  
North and South and East and West of your life  
I have only one request of your life  
That you spend it all with me

All the seasons and the times of your days  
All the nickels and the dimes of your days  
Let the reasons and the rhymes of your days  
All begin and end with me

I want to see your face in every kind of light  
In the fields of dawn and the forests of the night  
And when you stand before the candles on a cake  
Oh, let me be the one to hear the silent wish you make

Those tomorrows waiting deep in your eyes  
In the world of love that you keep in your eyes  
I'll awaken what's asleep in your eyes  
It may take a kiss or two

Through all of my life  
Summer, Winter, Spring, and Fall of my life  
All I ever will recall of my life  
Is all of my life with you

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# What Did The Desert Spawn

Long ago in distant lands  
Borne from sun drenched desert sands  
You came to be what you've become  
Through fearsome belief in your nostrum  
A nostrum mostly ill conceived  
But sadly by the young believed  
A nostrum soaked in less than truth  
And spread with ease among the youth  
To spawn fanatic radical cults  
Who embrace destructive results  
They give up a most precious possession  
To feed a cause that's become an obsession  
Should your aims and objectives be fulfilled  
Could they ever be fulfilled  
What but hatred motivates  
The newly welcomed novitiates  
Why the hatred why the bile  
Why the snarl instead of smile  
Who has convinced you how to behave  
you were given a mind not of a slave  
You've bought a package fraught with peril  
Framed in a language from the tower of babel  
how could you have been any different  
The poison was planted before your birth  
You were made to drink it every day  
You were taught to hate those unlike you  
Never urged to think independently  
To question the word would be blasphemy  
How could you have been any different  
You believed in all the bearded sages  
You carried that belief through all the ages  
Never ever questioning was this the only way.  
You gather in great noisy hordes  
You shake your fists and shout your slogans  
All under the guise of holiness  
Your holy books of love profess  
Your actions speak of hatefulness  
If all the world were just like you  
Your work all done no more to do

Would then your radical dream suffice  
Your imagined dream of paradise.  
Turned into nothing more than lies.

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